

The Hamiltonian

MAY, 1926

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The HAMILTONIAN

Published by the Students of
HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL

MAY, 1926

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JANE'S EASTER BONNET

Oh, mom! Oh, mom! The postman's here,
And he's got something there for me.
My! Its so large, and big, and square.
You just come out and look and see.

My Easter Bonnet sure enough!
And I can tell you, it's just grand.
When I walk into church today,
They'll think I'm queen of the land.

Oh, mom! I've got it all unwrapped,
Just look at that for style.
These feathers and real ostrich plumes,
They beat Susannah's hat a mile.

Oh, mom! I'll take good care of it,
I'll not wear it in rain or fog.
It looks just like they said it did,
In Sears and Roebuck's catalog.

Mom, don't you be in such a rush,
I cannot keep my eyes away
Long enough to put it on,
My, won't I look some swell today?

There, at last I've got it on,
Well, mom, how does it look?
What makes you stare so hard at me?
Don't it look like the model book?

Well, seeing you have lost your tongue,
(You look as if you had a fright),
I'll go and take a look myself,
Oh, mercy! It's a sight.

It don't look no more like the hat,
It ain't becoming me at all.
I simply hate the shape of it,
See how the feathers droop and fall.

The straw is cheap, the color poor,
Think you I'd let Susannah see
A wretched looking hat like that,
And what a fright it makes of me?

And you can bet Jane kept her word,
It's in the garret tucked away.
She laid it in a dusty trunk,
And there it's hidden till this day.

Mildred Baldwin, '28.



LITERARY

A BETTER PRIZE

Bob Rawlins had bet Dick Curtis two tickets to the Senior dance that he could win a race with his four-year-old flivver against Dick's larger car. Both were home from college on a short vacation and both were very low on their allowances for the month, and, as they were Seniors, of course they wanted to be at the dance.

They decided on a fifteen mile race, starting from their homes, each taking a different road. Dick took a back road because he knew there wouldn't be much traffic. He went along the first five miles at a good rate of speed. Once he had to stop at a crossing as a train passed by, and another time he had to slow down for about fifteen cows that a small boy was leading in the middle of the road. On a quiet road he was going as fast as the car could go when he heard a motor cycle at a distance behind him. He slowed down as it came nearer and just as he was about to stop, the officer on the motorcycle whizzed by him. Later he saw him stop someone; as he passed by he thanked his lucky stars it wasn't he.

When he was about a mile from his destination his hind wheel stuck fast in a muddy rut which was caused by a recent storm. It was a lonely spot and no one passed by for, what seemed to him, ages. He had given up

all hope of getting out himself when he saw a car in the distance. He stopped it but when he saw a girl at the wheel he mumbled a few words indistinctly in his surprise.

She helped him out of his embarrassment by asking "Are you stuck? I have a rope in back that perhaps will be of some help to you."

Just then around the curve came a noisy Ford; of course it proved to be Bob.

"I've been waiting for the last half hour for you and thought I'd come back and meet you," said Bob. "Oh, hello, Dorothy," he added as she appeared from behind the car, "I didn't know you people had met."

"We hadn't until I just stopped her for help," explained Dick.

After they had been properly introduced Bob said, "I guess I get the tickets all right, it's too bad you got stuck though." But Dick didn't have any regrets because all he could see or think of was Dorothy.

After he had been pulled out of the mud they each got in their own cars and started off, the flivver leading.

After a continued friendship with Dorothy, Dick confided to Bob that he was mighty glad he got stuck in the mud that day, and that now he was out for a prize that wasn't a mere dance ticket. Ruth Cullity, '27.

THE AWAKENING

All winter long the woods have been sleeping—sleeping, in spite of the cold winds and blustering snow storms raging over them. The tall fir and evergreen trees have gracefully accepted their white cloaks and, sighing in the wind, have waited for the spring awakening. Little stubby shrubs and ferns have been buried all the long months beneath dead leaves and snow, sleeping warmly until spring. The brook alone has remained awake, deserving of Tennyson's lines:

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go one forever."

Now it is warmer, the days are longer, and the pale sun lends some of its rays to help destroy the snow and ice. The trees shake their heads in the early March winds and rejoice as they shed their burdens. Little shrubs and ferns slowly rear their brown, dead bodies, in which new lives are appearing. The brooklet still continues, singing a new and louder song, while it carries 'on—on

to the river the great cakes of ice, that clash
a merry accompaniment to its song:

"I gurggle, gurggle as I flow
To join the brimming river.
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Soon, with all her green and beautiful
tresses, Spring will appear to brighten the
woods with her showers, and warm the hearts
of those little buds, until they burst forth in
blossoms and leaves, until the little ferns lift

their green plumes toward the blue sky, and
bow to the mossy green carpet at their feet.
But, despite these changes, on and on will
flow the little brook singing its cheerful
murmuring song:

"And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river.
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Kathryn Lamson, '28.

AN EASTER EGG ROLLING

Two little brown elves came dancing through
the bright green forest. Suddenly one little
elf stopped and said in a tiny voice, "Merry-
smile, quick, look through those bushes. I
saw a rabbit!" Merry-smile stopped and
looked through the tall brown bushes near
him. Sure enough, there was a big, fat, white
rabbit with pink eyes, scampering away as
fast as his little legs would let him hop.

On the ground near a moss-covered rock
lay a pretty pink basket trimmed with large
white bows. When Merry-smile saw this he
said, "Happy-go-lucky, did you see that bee-
ut-if-ul basket that Mr. Bunny left near that
rock?"

"Yes," piped up Happy-go-lucky, "let's see
what's in it."

With noiseless steps they crept through the
bushes and went up to the rock. Carefully
they lifted the cover of the basket. At once

they both cried, "Ooooo! Look at the tiny
Easter eggs."

Then an inspiration came to Merry-smile,
"Let's take it back to the queen," he said,
"and have an Easter egg-rolling contest on
the forest green."

"Just the thing," said Happy-go-lucky.

So they gently lifted the basket and brought
it to their queen, a tiny fairy with golden
wings. She called a meeting and they all
went to the forest green. Every elf took an
egg from the basket and at the word "go!"
began to roll it toward a massive oak tree.
The one who reached the goal first with his
egg won a prize.

My, what fun they had that day! They had
all kinds of cakes and candies to eat, and as
each little elf climbed into his tiny moss bed
that night he declared that it had been the
happiest Easter he had ever known.

Mary Corcoran, '28.

UNSTOLEN FRUIT

"I've been thinking," said Ma Hopkins,
"about our raspberries, and I've got an idea
at last."

"What is it?" asked Clara, "do you think
you can save 'em?"

"Yes, I do. I'm sure of it," answered Ma,
slamming the oven door.

Clara drew up her chair and began to husk
the corn for dinner.

"Well, if you think you can save them
berries so those measly Smiths—"

"Sh! Clara," said Ma, "there's no need to
call names." Then lowering her voice,
"Where's Ruth?" Ruth was the youngest
Hopkins.

"Coloring pictures in the next room," whis-
pered Clara.

"She'll hear," said Ma nodding, "Well, as
I was saying, we'll not lose our berries this
year, because I'm going to poison 'em," she
continued loudly.

"Why!" cried Clara, "What good will they
do us then?"

"Mebbe they won't do us any good, but I'll
find out where our berries went last year and
the year before that."

"But the Smith's patch is right next to
ours and the boundary is only a line of
stumps," said Clara.

"They know where their patch ends," an-

swered Ma. "It ain't as big as a dining table anyway, but they know. Anyway, from our fence to the line of stumps is going to be sprinkled with arsenate of lead and it's to be done tomorrow."

There was a slight movement in the next room and a slamming of the screen door. Ma gave vent to a happy laugh.

"Our berries are saved right now, for there goes Ruth to play with Jimmy and tell him what she's just heard. She'll tell him about the poisonin' job and nobody will dare to touch those berries. Get busy and put on the potatoes. There in the sink."

Next morning she called Ruth and Clara from their dusting and told them to go and find the two old-fashioned flour sieves that were in the attic. While they were gone she quickly filled two pails with flour and carrying them into the shed, set them down near a large can marked "Poison, Arsenate of Lead." She returned to the kitchen smiling

and armed herself with her own flour sifter, and called the two girls.

It was a hot day and Ma was red in the face before she got through. But they kept at it, back and forth, until every vine and berry had its powdery coating to say nothing of the dusting they gave themselves. At last it was over.

"There," said Ma, weary but satisfied, "I guess that fixes that."

That fall the Hopkins had plenty of raspberries.

"But, ma," said Clara, when the big baskets were carried to the cellar, "do you dare to eat 'em—or sell 'em?"

"Why not?" asked Ma, her eyes twinkling.

"But the poison," ventured Ruth, "have you forgotten?"

"Poison! Law, children, "that was a little trick. That poison warn't nothin' but flour."

And Ma, chuckling, popped a large red berry into her mouth. Marguerite Lake, '27.

APPLE GREEN AND TAN

Sally was vexed. There was no getting out of it, she simply must get, for just this once, the Easter clothes her mother had chosen. She pictured herself in a hideous green suit with a detestable tan hat trimmed with the same green color while, in reality, the suit was of the smartest tailored cut, of a charming apple green color and the hat was a soft tan which blended beautifully with the green.

"In the first place, mother," exclaimed Sally, "I hate green and in the second, I don't want that suit."

For the first time in her life Sally's will was overruled. Coming home from her Easter shopping, Sally recognized a familiar roadster with a familiar young driver.

The young man had also recognized Sally for he had stopped, and Sally was soon comfortably seated beside him.

"Where do we go from here?" inquired Bill.

"Oh, any place," replied Sally carelessly, "let's drive down town; we might find some excitement."

Upon reaching town, they decided that something good to eat followed by a movie would be to their liking.

"Look, Bill," exclaimed Sally as they were about to enter the restaurant.

"Where?" questioned Bill.

"Dumb, across the street," came the answer.

"Well?" Bill was still in the dark.

"For pity's sake, Bill, come to," exploded Sally, "can't you see that snappy blue dress in the window?"

They crossed the street to get a closer view.

"Yah," agreed Bill, "but I think that green and tan one is heaps more nifty."

"You do?" Sally was alive with interest.

"You bet," answered unconscious Bill, "Gee, but it would look swell on you, Sally."

Eastern morning arrived; bright and early Sally came down stairs dressed in the new suit and hat.

"Why, Sally!" exclaimed her mother, "I thought you wein't going to wear that suit."

"Well, I am," came the answer.

In due time a roadster was seen coming up the avenue and Sally jumped in.

"Wow! That sure is some layout, Sally," exclaimed Bill.

"Think so?" remarked Sally.

"Think so, I know so. Why, Sally, you outdo any Queen of Sheba or Cleopatra in that rig."

Sally's mother watched them as the car disappeared around the corner, and having heard the previous conversation, smiled to herself as she realized what had made Sally change her mind.

Mildred Baldwin, '28.

TWO EASTER GIRLS

Easter morning sent its bright rays of sunshine through the thick red curtains of Prudence's bedroom. It was only six in the morning but the room was upside down. Anyway church did not begin until 10.30! Boxes of every description were piled upon the chairs and floor while Prudence stood listlessly in the center of the room (and had stood there for at least an hour) being dressed. Stiffly starched petticoats and waists of almost every description were placed upon her and, after several more layers of petticoats, she was at last ready to put on her dress which was large and bulky. It had come in a huge wicker trunk. Her hat was of poke-bonnet style, trimmed with big pink bows and flowers. Her beautiful curls hung half way down her back, beneath the bulk of straw.

It was another hour before she arrived at church where she was the envy of every young lady (if time is of any value she deserved it, for it had taken at least four hours to dress).

* * *

Miss or Mister

Willie: "If the Mississippi is the father of waters, why don't they call it the Mister-sippi?"

~ ~ ~

The Omitted Letter

One letter omitted from a sentence will certainly work wonders, as, for instance:

The conflict was fierce and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter.

Easter morning had arrived with its jolly flowers and smiles. While Jane jumped out of bed just in time to hear a soft tap on her door. "Well, what is it?" she drawled impatiently. The voice answered in the soft, sweet tones that only a mother can use. "It's mother, dear, and, Jane, your special delivery package has just arrived; I think it must be your new dress. Open the door, Jane." A pause, then a head with a tousled boyish bob pushed out between the crack of the door wreathed in smiles. "Alright, mumsy, I'll be down in a jiffy"; and a thin package, about twice as large as an envelope, was handed to her.

Jane opened the package with quick deft fingers and displayed a flimsy silk Easter dress and other modern things that girls love to wear. These things she donned in the record time of four minutes. And at 10.30 she was sitting in church fully conscious of the envying eyes that gazed upon her. Now, honestly, which Easter Girl do you think was the more to be envied?

Doris Honeysett, '28.

When the president's wife entered the humble sitting room of the house she was politely offered a hair.

A man was served with cabmeat salad.

An employee in the service of the government was accused of having stolen a small ox from the mail, the stolen property being found in his vest pocket.

A Russian soldier was found dead with a long word sticking in his throat.



EDITORIAL

THE SENIOR TRIP

Again May draws slowly onward bringing in its wake the annual Senior Washington trip.

During the past four years the graduating class has striven to obtain, as its objective, this excursion.

Through the sanction of the School Board, the aid of the faculty, and the patronage of its affairs by the townspeople, the trip is made possible. Without their coöperation such an event, as a group affair, would be impossible.

For some time, the practice of sending the graduating class on a tour to the Nation's Capital City was abolished, but it was renewed in 1924. Those who have had occasion to experience this tour have reported that it is of high educational nature.

As a means of defraying expenses, the class has run suppers, dances, whist parties, various types of sales, and has staged the annual High School drama.

On April 30th the Seniors will leave for Washington and are to be absent for a period of eight days. A hasty tour of New York is scheduled, a flying detour to Philadelphia, and a more extended period is to be spent in Washington. We anticipate a thrill of pride in viewing the Capitol, the government buildings, the Arlington National Cemetery, Mount Vernon, and all other points of special interest, for is it not in this city that our executive resides, and is it not here that the hub of the great wheel of our universe is located?

It is needless to say that the Senior Class is in a state of excitement. This is clearly indicated by groups of girls noisily discussing plans; and boys endeavoring to control their excitement. Such groups may be seen in every section of the Senior room during any period not occupied by lessons.

To the mothers of the Seniors, the teachers, the faculty, the townspeople, and our classmates, we wish to extend our sincere thanks

for their kind coöperation in order that this trip may be a success.

We'll tell you all about our trip in the next issue of "The Hamiltonian."

D. Bancroft.

FOOTBALL FOR HAMILTON!

A high school with only twenty boys is rather a small affair. Yet there is such an institution in a little town just outside of Boston. And what is more they have a football team! Not a top-notch, it is true, but a good fighting bunch for its size. No great movement was responsible for this team. The students simply got together, raised the money, and the result was well worth the trouble. Only twenty fellows, mind you, and of these, fourteen turned out for practice!

Fourteen out of twenty! Not very many, was it? But it showed the enthusiasm of the student body.

There is not a boy in Hamilton High who doesn't want football. There is not a pupil who wouldn't like to see his school turn out at least one winning team. Hamilton High has had winning elevens in the past, and it can have them in the future. But it is all in the hands of the student body. If it doesn't declare its wish it can expect no return.

It must be admitted that there are some drawbacks, but none that can't be overcome.

1. If we want football we are the ones to start the ball rolling. A school with only twenty fellows supports football. Hamilton High with twice that number is still out of it.

2. Let's get together and make an appeal for funds. We are the only ones who have the power to do it.

3. Give your support and enthusiasm to this worthwhile cause. Hamilton for football—means—football for Hamilton.

W. H., '27.

CO-OPERATION IN SCHOOL

Co-operation is one of the necessary fundamentals for school work. A school can not be completely successful unless the pupils in it co-operate in studies and other activities.

Co-operation means working together; for instance, in school work, if working on a debate find all the material you can and watch for more. In clubs, be interested and work with others. In projects, help by bringing in material for others, as well as for yourself. Do not let a few do all the work.

We are all capable of being co-operative; it is necessary for success in life. If a school is not co-operative it will not be progressive. The work will be harder for the teachers as well as for the pupils.

Let us imagine two grades where the pupils are working on projects. In the first grade the pupils are working separately, each trying to make a success of his project without thought of the whole. In the other grade the pupils are interested in the separate parts of the project for the good of the whole and they are making a success. What is lacking in the first grade? The pupils work separately and are not accomplishing anything. In the other grade the pupils are co-operating and have made a great success.

So, just try and work together, you will learn more, and, by co-operating in the school, you will learn a great principle which both the business and social world need. Co-operation will also help you personally. Try it and find out for yourself.

Thelma Bailey, Junior II.

ATHLETICS

The basketball team has just completed its season. The team had many strong schools on its schedule which it was unable to cope with victoriously. Although many disadvantages were present, the boys did their best to overcome them.

Nevertheless, it has been proven that athletics hold an important part in the school curriculum.

The team has succeeded in gaining four well deserved victories, several games having been lost by a narrow margin.

The boys started their season early, defeating as their first opponent, the Texas Club. The other victories were gained from the Beverly All Stars, the Beverly Y. M. C. A., and at the close of the season by winning a spectacular game from West Newbury High School, the score being 18-16, in favor of Hamilton.

The baseball season is approaching rapidly but as there is lack of material to work with, the subject of a team being organized has not as yet been very eagerly discussed.

With the arrival of spring we hope that sufficient enthusiasm will be aroused to begin some other forms of activity.

Roger Humphrey, Athletic Editor.

During the winter months the Junior High boys, under the coaching of Mr. Carr, formed a basketball team. Although it was light, it made up this disadvantage by its speed. The team played a few games and succeeded in winning from the Groveland Junior High.

We are glad to note that they show fine possibilities and we hope that they may help win games for the future High School basketball team.

The Freshman Girls Basketball Team has just finished its season, having won the two games played against the Juniors.

The team was so admired that it was invited to have its picture taken, which was done with great success.

We wonder why Mr. Carr took a better picture with the girls than with the boys?



SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The Washington Fund is nearing its bursting point and everything is being put into readiness for the trip. Mr. Watson is working on the details with the chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. Bush.

The Class has held a number of whist parties that have netted goodly sums. Another will be held on April 17, 1926, at 8 o'clock in the Hamilton Town Hall. Transportation will be provided from the depot.

The Class recently ran an enjoyable supper at the Community House.

Arrangements are being made for the class photographs and announcements for graduation. The photographs will be taken at the Barry Studio, Salem.

After much discussion, the class has chosen its motto. It is "We will conquer." Well, it sounds possible; let's put it across.

The Seniors have changed their melody. Instead of, "How are we going to get the money?" it is, "How are we going to get along on the boat ride into New York?"

Don't forget that Lent is over and that the Seniors have plenty of candy to sell.

Well, can you beat this, the Seniors have to be asked to leave school instead of being

required to stay after. If you would like to know the reason why, I think Mrs. Boyd can give the explanation.

Fifty percent of the pupils in the History Contest hail from the Senior Class. Every one of them has a look of determination, so calculate accordingly.

SENIOR CLASS CAR

Steering Wheel—Donald Trussell.
Horn—Puggy Doucette.
Head Lights—Dot Bancroft, Mary Bond.
Wheels—M. Gildart, K. Malone, G. Hitchings and A. MacCurrach.
Tail Light—Joe Lake.
Bumper—Marjorie Underhill.
Brake—William Laski.
Spark Plug—Robert Lawrie.
Exhaust Pipe—Bernard Cullen.
The Gas Tank—Ruth Bancroft, Mildred Grant, Gladys Hooper, Evelyn Hatt, Roger Humphrey and Theodore Malone.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The Junior Prom of the Class of '27 is to be given May the 14th at the Town Hall.

The committees are as follows: Decorating—W. Hobbs, N. Peatfield, E. Honeysett; favors—M. Dodge, M. Rutherford, I. Pope; ice cream—P. MacCurrach, A. Grant, W. Hatt; punch—M. Lake, V. Mason, R. Cullity; checking—L. Anderson; orchestra J. Buzzell; transportation—H. Smerage.

FRENCH CLASS

Teacher—"What is a predicate nominative?"

Pupil—"When the subject is in the predicate."

Teacher (talking to a Canadian French girl)—"How would you say, give me something to eat, in French?"

Pupil—"Well, if I wanted anything very badly, I would say it in English."

ENGLISH CLASS

Teacher (referring to the chair of Merlin in "Idylls of the King")—"What is the 'Siege Perilous'?"

Pupil—"What Knight did you say?"

Pupil to teacher (after she had dictated questions for a written test and had said "Pass your papers to the front")—"Were we supposed to be writing the answers? I wrote down the questions!"

Socials have been held each Saturday night at the Community House by the Juniors and a fine time has been enjoyed by all who have attended.

The Juniors have adopted a mascot for their class. Ask them about it.

The Juniors are looking forward to their Prom.

We take this opportunity to wish the Seniors a very successful and happy trip to Washington.

SOPHOMORE

The Sophomore class has been unusually active the past two months. A sleigh ride which was held January 25 was enjoyed by the class. The following committee was elected to make arrangements: Robert Robertson, Kathryn Lamson and Evelyn Grant.

The chaperones were Miss Hayward and Miss Fanning. The destination of the ride was Beverly, where the party saw a moving picture. A good time was enjoyed by all.

A candy sale was also held by the Sophomores. Those elected for the committee were: Alma Mitchell, Evelyn Grant, Mary Peterson and Anna Thompson.

A food sale was held April 9th at the "Cozy Corner Shop" and our class spirit was shown in the large display of cakes and pies. The committee in charge of the sale was: Helen Harraden, Evelyn Grant, Mary Corcoran, Kathryn Lamson and Doris Honeysett.

The Sophomores decided they would like their rings this year instead of next. They have already been ordered and are expected soon.

WHY?

Doris Hathaway	Does she write so many letters?
Josephine L.	Is she so silent?
William Allen	Does he like to tease?
Doris Honeysett	Does she like sports?
Corinne Fraser	Does she read novels?
Kathryn Lamson	Is she so bashful?
Anna Thompson	Does she ask questions?
Alma Mitchell	Does she dance the Charleston?
Evelyn Grant	Does she like style?
Rena McEwen	Does she go downtown noontimes?
M. Baldwin	Is she so shy?
M. Peterson	Does she like to study?
M. Corcoran	Does she like jokes?
M. Donlon	Will she be a penmanship teacher?
Dorothy Hatt	Does she hate to be teased?
Warren Grant	Do they pick on him?
Robert Robertson	Does he prepare his French lessons?
Eunice Dodge	Is she so quiet?
Caroline Alexander	Does she go to Everett?
Archie Rhodes	Does he like to drive a car?
Jennie Maione	Does she write poems?
As a CLASS	Do we talk so much?

Posters seen in the lower corridor regarding the Hamilton Junior and Senior High School Spring Contest:

SPELLING

Local at C. S. House, April 12 2.00 p. m.
 Final at Lynnfield, May 14 8.00 p. m.
 Seventh grade representative at local tryout
 is John Sewall
 Eighth grade representative, Marjorie Baker

AMERICAN STATESMEN ESSAYS

Seniors, at C. S. House, April 13 7.30 p. m.
 \$55 in prizes offered

Senior Representatives: Donald Trussell, William Laski, Wayne Hobbs, Marjorie Underhill, Julia Buzzell, Doris Honeysett, Dorothy Bancroft and Kathryn Lamson.

Junior Representatives: Fred Caldwell, Sarah Guild, William Ruggles, Robert Foss and Muriel Pentz.

Junior contest, C. S. House, Apr. 23, 7.30 p. m.
 \$45 in prizes offered
 Wenham competing

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Juniors at C. S. House, Apr. 27 3.00 p. m.
 Representatives: Paul Campbell, John Dwyer, Charles Whipple, Edwina Tremblay.

Seniors at C. S. House, Apr. 27 7.30 p. m.
 Final Contest at Topsfield, May 21, 8.00 p. m.
 Representatives: 1. Kathryn Malone, 2. William Laski, 3. Wayne Hobbs, 4. Norman Peatfield, 5. Kathryn Lamson, 6. Evelyn Grant.

MUSIC MEMORY

Local at C. S. House, June 1 1.30 p. m.
 Final at Hamilton, June 4 2.00 p. m.

Appropriate prizes to be awarded

Hamilton is out to win. Coöperate and show your spirit by attending the contests.



HONOR ROLL OF SENIOR HIGH

Pupils receiving no rank below A and B (or 1 or 2).

The names of pupils who have been on the honor list for all previous ranking periods are starred.

	Grade	A's	B's
*Wayne Hobbs	11	6	1
*Elizabeth Pfaff	11	5	2
*Marjorie Underhill	12	3	3
*Violet Mason	11	3	3
Norman Peatfield	11	3	4
William Allen	10	3	5
*Evelyn Grant	10	1	5
*Kathryn Lamson	10	1	6
Edward Honeysett	11	1	6
Ruth Cullity	11	1	5
Dorothy Hatt	10	1	6



ASSEMBLY

A very interesting program was given on January 27 to the Senior and Junior High School pupils. The exercises opened with the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," followed by the flag salute. Paul Campbell gave a very amusing recitation, "Seein' Things at Night"; Kathleen Morfew, piano virtuoso of Junior II, played the "Scarf Dance" with her usual skill. Another reading was rendered by Anna Barron, entitled "The Fairies." A vocal solo, "My Wild Irish Rose," was sung by Muriel Pentz.

Then came the feature of the afternoon, an address by Mr. N. K. Dahlwani. Mr. Dahlwani is a native of India, a member of the professional caste. He first came to America in 1911 and entered Oberlin College. Since then he has become a national figure and travels about the country lecturing on his native land.

For a foreigner, he spoke very fine English. He was attired in the costume of his Indian caste and began his talk by explaining the great differences between his race and ours—the language, dress, age of civilization, and social life. Many of the ancient customs of India have become so deeply rooted that it is next to impossible to eradicate these undesirable influences. He illustrated the great difference in the many dialects of his native land by repeating the same sentence in the dialect of his own district, Bombay, as well as that of Hindustani and Ceylon. Needless to say, it made a big hit with the audience.

Mr. Dahlwani also described the dress of his country. The women's clothing consists merely of long strips of bright cloth, about 40 feet in length, wound about the body. He had with him several of these costumes, or strips of cloth of very beautiful colors. With a little help, he also showed how a turban

is made, a process which requires much skill and dexterity.

He next sang two popular melodies of India, accompanying himself on a sort of cymbal. The thing which impressed the audience the most was the fact that it takes a soloist two hours to prepare for a concert, as it is very necessary to be in the right mood.

In his closing remarks, he told of his early life in America. From observation and inquiries, he believes the most essential trait of an American must be "sand"—something to be remembered.

We all sincerely hope that Mr. Dahlwani will come again and give another of his delightful entertainments.

COMMERCIAL NOTES

The following are winners of typewriting certificates:

Underwood: Elizabeth Pfaff, Ruth Bancroft.

Remington: Elizabeth Pfaff, Julia Buzzell, Bernice Doucette, Irene Pope, Mildred Grant, Evelyn Hatt, Leroy Doucette.

Royal: Elizabeth Pfaff.

The Penmanship Class is working this year for a School Certificate, which is to take the place of the former Houston Diploma. There are two or three pupils who are quite certain of winning it by June, and several others who are working hard, and are on the way to it.

BITS OF INFORMATION

According to some members of the Commercial Geography Class:

Macaroni is a cereal grown in Italy.

Italy is surrounded on three sides by water, and therefore there is plenty of "parking space" for big boats.

A cereal is a "continued in our next" movie.

The Senior Shorthand Class is working hard to pass its 100-word tests. To date, Mildred Grant, Ruth Bancroft, Gladys Hooper, Margaret Gildart and Evelyn Hatt have attained the goal, and the others are quite near it. The Pitman Certificate offered for this has proved quite an incentive.

The Seniors also seem very much interested in their new Filing and Indexing work. To

make this practical, they are using actual letters of miniature size to file in actual miniature sized files.

Overheard in a Bookkeeping Class

Pupil (trying to get a sum corrected): "Mrs. Bush, am I right in my cents (sense)?"

Voice from the corner: "No!"

There are rumors around about an inter-class contest in typewriting to take place some time soon.

There are also rumors about a group of commercial students attending the Business Show, if it is held in Boston.

Some of the Commercial Seniors may take a day to visit Business Schools in Salem, Lynn and Boston, in order to make a choice for the coming year.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT ASSEMBLY

The Commercial Assembly held in the Community House on the afternoon of February 18th was a very enjoyable and instructive one.

The program was varied, and consisted of a playlet given by the Commercial Juniors entitled, "A Saturday Morning in a Business Office." This was followed by an exhibition of rhythm in Typewriting by girls of the Sophomore Class, and an exhibition of speed and rhythm by the girls of the Senior Class.

After this, Mr. Watson awarded the Typewriting Certificates which have been won this year. This list is found in the Commercial Notes.

The last part of our program was a talk by Mr. Henry G. Russell of the Gloucester High School Commercial Department. The title of his lecture was "Salesmanship and Its Application to Everyday Life." This was given in a very pleasing manner, and we are convinced now that even those who scoff most are perhaps themselves the most frequent users of the art of Salesmanship. To quote Mr. Russell in part, "Even that young man who laughs and says it's all 'the bunk' spends evening after evening, and week after week at the house of his lady friend, exerting his personality to the utmost, simply trying to 'sell the proposition.'"

JUNIOR HIGH

HOW THE MARIGOLD RECEIVED ITS NAME

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful child with long golden hair whose name was Mary. She was a very happy little girl and delighted in all nature. She loved to take long walks in the woods to hear the birds singing and the flowers talking to each other and listen to the trees as they sway their tall sturdy branches in the breeze.

One bright sunny morning, Mary arose early, ate her breakfast, and started out for a long walk in the same little path where she always loved to go. She went running and skipping along, now and then stopping to pick some exceptionally pretty flowers. Coming to a large oak tree, she stopped, looked around, and seeing no one near, she opened a little secret door in the tree, inside which was a tiny silver bell. Taking the bell she rang it; instantly a group of fairies appeared from a tall branch of the tree and sat in a circle around her. They told her they had heard Mother Nature telling about a lonely flower with beautiful yellow petals but the flower had no name, a thing which made it very sad. Then the fairies disappeared leaving Mary alone to think of the sad little flower.

Soon she put the little silver bell back inside the door and started for home. When she reached home and had eaten her dinner, she returned to the woods and opened the same little door in the tree. This time when she rang the bell Mother Nature came, followed by the fairies. Mary had never seen Mother Nature before and was a little timid at first, but she soon learned to love and trust her.

The fairies grouped together in a circle and Mother Nature asked Mary if she would be willing to give her name to the lonely flower about which the fairies had told her. Mary was indeed very happy to think that Mother Nature wanted to give her name to a flower. You may be sure that Mary gave her consent, so they called the flower "Marigold."

When the flower heard her beautiful name, she was no longer sad and lonely but very happy to know that she had a name that belonged to her alone.

So now when in your garden, you see the bright colored, happy Marigold you will know how it received its name.

Jeanne Cullity, '29.

A POPULARITY CONTEST IN FLOWERLAND

Wonder of wonders! There was a popularity contest to be given in Flowerland, by Mother Nature, and all the flower dress-makers were over-burdened with orders for gorgeous dresses for the occasion.

The object of this unusual party was to find out how much the tiny fairy and animal folk loved the flowers, and who they would help most in getting materials for a dress. The prize consisted of a trip to Earthland, and the winner would be allowed to stay there during the summer months.

The great night arrived and many flowers assembled. The Rose was gowned in American beauty satin, the Forget-me-not in shaded velvet of blue, the Buttercup in two-toned yellow taffeta, the Seven-tulip-sisters dressed in pink, red, old rose, yellow, white, violet, and orange velvet, the Cosmos twins in white satin with touches of green, and the Aster in purple china silk. The gowns were indeed a magnificent sight to behold!

But in the room with all the others it was easy to see who had been most popular with the tiny folk, the Black-Eyed Susan by all means. In reality her eyes were brown, but so dark that most people called them black. Her hair was golden brown adorned with a band of gold, contributed by the man in the moon; her tiny golden slippers were made by the gnomes from gold dust (by a process known only to themselves); her stockings were of golden spun silk delicately woven by the spiders; but her dress,—ah, that was the wonder of the evening! It was of gold tissue covered with tiny

ruffles from which hung circles of moonbeams, and around her waist was a beautiful rainbow sash tied in a fluttering bow, which had been donated by the rainbow fairies who loved the Black-Eyed Susan.

It was easily seen that she was the most beautiful in her gorgeous gown. Mother Nature was so proud of her that she allowed her to visit the Earthland in the summer to grace the green fields, and it is here that we are privileged to see her during July and August.

Muriel Pentz, '29.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

Up the street came Ruth Cameron laden with bundles, her sunny face uplifted, her blue eyes shining, and from under her much-worn tam issued golden-yellow curls.

She hurried along shifting her bundles from one position to another. Soon she arrived at the playground where many children were at play. They shouted to her inviting her to join them in their sport, but she shook her head determinedly and conquered the temptation to stop and play. Of course she must give up enjoyment if she were to have a new hat and dress for Easter. She was running errands for her neighbors to help buy the Easter clothes.

One day Ruth went far into the woods for a walk. She had wandered to the bottom of a large hill that separated her own town, Meadowsville, from the town of Afton. She saw in the distance a little child about five years old sitting on the damp ground crying pitifully. When she saw Ruth she gave a little cry and fell back.

Ruth ran to her and realized she had fainted. Ruth had taken lessons in first aid and soon revived the child. The brown eyes looked up wonderingly at Ruth. The child looked weary so Ruth did not question her. Carrying her when she could, and leading her by the hand, Ruth finally got her to her house. Mrs. Cameron gave her some warm food and put her to bed.

The police were notified about the finding of the little girl, but they had not received any word of a child's being lost, but promised to notify Mrs. Cameron if they found any news concerning her.

Meanwhile the little girl had said her name was Nancy, but she seemed to grow weaker every day. She had a high fever

and it was plain she needed a doctor. The Camerons did not have enough money to get a doctor.

Ruth had now earned ten dollars for she had been running errands and doing odd jobs for some time. Every time she thought of her new clothes she grew happy, but when she saw Nancy's small, pale face and felt her hot, throbbing head she gave up all thought of Easter clothes and decided to use her money to pay for a doctor.

The doctor was summoned and when he examined the little patient he shook his head doubtfully. The family was greatly upset for they had grown to love the child who had come to their house so unexpectedly. Many long hours they sat at Nancy's side while the fever raged on. The delirious patient called frequently for her "mother and daddy."

At last the worst was over and one bright day Nancy was allowed to sit out on the porch. Ruth was by her side telling her stories and trying to amuse her. No one had claimed the child and it was thought best not to question her while she was still so weak.

As they were sitting there a large automobile drove up in front of the house and stopped. A chauffeur stepped out, opened the door and helped a young woman to descend. Ruth was so astonished she did nothing but stare. Suddenly Nancy gave a cry and in a moment was in the arms of the young woman. When the excitement died down the stranger, whose name was Mrs. Houston, explained that Nancy had apparently run away from her nurse and crossed the hill that divided the town. This young woman was Nancy's mother.

Ruth explained how she had found Nancy, and then she invited Mrs. Houston into the house. Mrs. Cameron spent some time talking with Mrs. Houston. When she learned how Ruth had sacrificed her Easter money she was overcome with gratitude.

Ruth and the Camerons were generously rewarded. The next day a bundle arrived addressed to "Miss Ruth Cameron." When it was opened it revealed a thin white dress, sparkling with beads, a little red coat trimmed with leopard fur with a hat to match, and a pair of dainty white slippers. The present was accompanied with a card which said, "To the little girl who so willingly gave her own Easter clothes for the benefit of an

unexpected guest." Ruth went into raptures of delight.

Mr. Cameron was given some work on the Houston's estate and a house on the estate to live in with his family. Ruth and Nancy became fast friends and often Ruth is seen in the large mansion enjoying the companionship of her new friend.

Beatrice Edmonson, Junior High II.

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED"

I was thoroughly frightened. In another moment I was five or six feet in the air. I held my breath. At last I landed, but, alas, not on my feet! It was the first time I had ever taken a ski-jump. The hill was steep and I felt the wind whiz through my coat. I had landed on my back, but I was still sliding down the hill. "Never again," I thought to myself, but the next day found me making the same attempt—for to be an expert ski-jumper is one of my fondest ambitions.

Dorothy Hooper, Junior High II.

JUNIOR HIGH NOTES

HAMILTON WINS IN THE DEBATE CONTEST WITH ESSEX

A very interesting debate was held at Essex, March 26, between Hamilton and Essex Junior High Schools.

The proposition was as follows:—Resolved: That Woodrow Wilson did more for his country than Theodore Roosevelt.

Essex took the negative side, Hamilton the affirmative.

The following is the

History of the Question

We are gathered here today to debate a proposition of much interest. All of us are interested in studying the lives of famous Americans and their contribution to American History. We, as American citizens, are to be congratulated in the great number of leaders in the United States who have helped, not only to shape the destiny of our own country, but that of the entire world, and much interest has always been manifested in this discussion for Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt are two outstanding figures in our national life.

We define "the United States" as the United States proper, all its territorial and island possessions as a unit by itself and an integral part of the world in its national and international relationships.

"More," is interpreted as "Most meet for the general good," as quoted from the Declaration of Independence and our Constitution.

We wish to compliment the Essex team on its excellent work.

Hamilton's team was composed of the following: Charles Whipple and Robert Fuller, with Sarah Ayers and Muriel Pentz as alternates. We are happy to say that Hamilton won by a unanimous vote.

We would like to know if having initials of friends on the back of dresses is the latest fad? Ask Lillian Hatt.

The Freshman class pins have at last been ordered.

The History Contest representatives have been chosen: For the 9th grade are Muriel Pentz and Robert Foss; for the 8th grade, Sarah Guild and William Ruggles, and Fred Caldwell from the seventh.

The marble season is in full swing and we are not at all surprised to see marbles rolling down the aisles during school-time. We wonder how the teachers like it?

How about the letters for the debating team?

JUNIOR HIGH HONOR ROLL

Name	Grade	A's	B's
Beatrice Edmondson	8	12	2
Thelma Baily	8	11	3
Kathleen Morphew	8	10	4
Jack Spear	7	10	4
Sarah Ayers	9	7	3
Anna Barron	9	6	3
Barbara Porter	7	9	5
Helen Foster	9	6	4
William Ruggles	8	8	7
Muriel Pentz	9	5	4
Orrin Lee	7	7	7
Marjorie Baker	8	7	7
Lois Campbell	7	7	7
Isabell Caverly	9	5	5
Mary MacDonald	9	4	4
Charles Whipple	8	7	8
Polly Feener	8	4	10
Edyth Pope	7	3	11
Alice Newhall	7	2	12
Walter Buzzell	7	1	13

Junior High Editor.

JOKES

Misplaced Modifier

Washington paper: "The case grew out of her arrest recently when she drove an automobile clad in pajamas."

There is only one person more annoying at a party than the one who turns the lights out, and that is the one who turns them on again.

Dentist: "Where is the tooth located?"

Girl (a theatre usher): "Balcony, first row to the right."

War cry of the molecules: "Up and atom, up and atom."

Heard in Chemistry

Mr. Watson (after giving the class instructions): "Don't try this experiment until I have seen you individually in groups."

One for Each

"Five cents' worth of liniment and five cents' worth of cement," asked the boy of the druggist.

"Want them tied in separate packages?" inquired the druggist.

Different Points of View

"Girls," he remarked sententiously, "are prettier than men."

"Why, naturally!" she exclaimed.

"No," he gently corrected her, "artificially."

"Yes, I guess so," answered the boy. "One is for mother—the cement, I guess; she wants to mend the teapot."

"And the liniment for father?" led on the druggist.

"Yes," said the boy. "He is what mother broke the teapot on."

Student conjugating kiss in an English class: "Present tense, I kiss, you kiss, he kisses, we kiss, you kiss, they kiss, and—er—oh, what's the use of going any further; everybody knows that all the others kiss also."

Words Do Make a Difference

A young clergyman who was temporarily filling a city pulpit made the following request in his prayer: "May the brother who ministers to this flock be filled full of fresh veal and new zigor."

Quite Impossible

"Here," said Tommy's father, "is a penny three hundred years old. It was given to me when I was a little boy."

"Hully gee!" gasped Tommy. "Just think of anyone being able to keep a penny that long!"

Best of Reasons

"Bill! Bill! Wake up!"

"I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"I ain't asleep."

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